The World

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WOMAN'S DYED HAIR.

Word comes from London that the American women residing in the British metropolis have enlisted in a crusade against the practice of dyeing the hair.

Here at home the sight of spectroscopic hues in women's hair leads to the inference that similar influences are at work in New York. It is not rare to see locks in which greens, purples, violets and other contrasting shades, showing forth from a groundwork of dull yellow, point to an abandonment of the use of dyes. It is a heroic reform, calling for a long martyrdom of vanity, for the peroxide compounds take hold with a grip not easily relaxed. Masculine observers temper their criticisms with commendation of the spirit which prompts the brave act.

The lure of bronze-red locks is a seductive one. When fresh from the hairdresser's skilful hand they are undeniably beautiful to look upon. They set off as from an artistic frame the fair face below. But as the artificiality of their coloring develops to the view it is seen that the dye by removing the oil from the hair has taken away the attractive natural gloss which no artifice can replace. The scalp looks unclean and the roots of the hair from the daily growth between applications of the dye show a displeasing discoloration. The vain young woman speedily discovers that she is bound in a thraldom from which release is difficult.

The woman who dyes to conceal the evidences of approaching age makes the mistake of exchanging streaks of gray, which are not in themselves unbecoming, for a youthful coloring with which her features do not harmonize. She forgets that nose and eyes and forehead have been changing with age along with the hair and there is no medicament to restore their youthfulness.

She is apt also to be blind to the rare effectiveness in a woman of forty of the contrast made by traces of silver in the locks with natural color in the cheeks. A woman so endowed need not care to exchange what nature has given her for the poor substitute of the hairdresser's art.

AGE AND PHYSICAL POWER.

By prize-ring reckoning a man of forty-four is old, and by consequence unfit to undergo the hard punishment which a younger and supposedly more vigorous antagonist may be expected to inflict on him.

He has entered upon the physical decrepitude which follows excesses between intermittent periods of hard training. His heart has begun to acquire fat, his vital organs degenerate, and the chances are that a few rounds will put him out of the fight and the eventual knockout blow administer a final quietus from which there is no recovery. Death is supposed to hold the sponge for the veteran prize-fighter in such an encounter.

But here is Fitzsimmons emerging triumphant and smiling from a sharp twenty-round battle with a man twenty years his junior—a man in the prime of his physical powers, with all the advantage on his side of youth and juvenile vigor, and possessing a sufficient acquaintance with the science of "the manly art" to lead experts to prophesy a victory for him.

In seeking the causes of this unusually long preservation of vitality in Fitzsimmons we get a clue from his private life.

In the intervals between ring contests he could more frequently be found at his Bensonhurst home playing with his children than on Broadway. He kept more closely to the fireside than is customary with younger pugilists, living a more nearly normal life. He was more regular in his exercise, more careful in his diet, and he put less confidence in a final rally of hard training after long stretches of self-indulgent ease than in habitual keeping in form.

Thus there remained in him what James J. Corbett calls "a smouldering energy," which when called into activity did not disappoint him by an untimely flagging.

It is to a rational life, on which excess has made no drafts, that Fitzsimmons's protracted pugilistic powers are to be attributed. The example is a good one for young athletes everywhere.

A FEAT OF SKIN GRAFTING.

The skin grafting feat which has made a scalded victim of the Westfield train wreck a new man involved a delicate use of the surgeon's knife at which the unhandy layman is led to marvel. Whether employed in transplanting an ear or removing an inflamed appendix with unerring precision or cutting into the cardiac sac preparatory to the stitching up of a wound in the heart the deft and dextrous use of the knife by the medical specialist shows a wonderful command of muscular faculty.

The hero of this operation has now a skin that is a mosaic of 4,200 cuticular particles furnished by fellow-members of the Masonic order, a composite epidermis for which each of the 200 contributors supplied a little more than two square inches. Will the change of skin occasion any change of nature?

Such a change occurred in About's "Man with the Broken Ear" after a graft had been made; the ear withered when its forsaken owner died. A man wearing another's clothes might undergo a mental transformation. If a man of timid nature were to put on Napoleon's hat and dress in his gray overcoat every day for a year would there be no gain in courage and self-esteem?

THE CABMAN'S WHISKERS.

A principle seems to be involved in the strike of the cabmen distinguishing it from other strikes. Their personal rights are alleged to have been invaded by the peremptory order issued to them to appear clean shaven.

Previous orders relating to collars and white mufflers they had received with what grace they could command at an interference with their attire. But the razing of beards and mutton-chops, rude requirement that it is, necessitates a sacrifice of personal dignity their revolt at which is not surprising.

A man's whiskers in time take hold on his affections with a firm grip that grows in intensity. The care he devotes to their cultivation, the interest he takes in their nurture, begets eventually a pride of proprietorship the disturbance of which may well be thought to be valid cause for trouble. It is a pride such as the patient Japanese gardener takes through laborious years in his dwarf trees, which come in time to twine their roots among his heartstrings. To watch the slow and symmetrical growth of, say, a goatee, and to be called on to cut it off at the whim of a superior is to give adequate reason for revolt.

The striking cabmen may look for a sympathy to which they might not otherwise be felt to be entitled.

LITTLE DIXIE—The Coon Kid Is Too Strenuous in His Gallantry.

The Girl Who Can Be "Horrid."

By Nixola Greeley-Smith,

Granddaughter of Horace Greeley.

There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad, she was horrid.

AND that little girl was the kind which, to use a phrase dear to the stage manager, "makes a hit with the boys." For that bit of rhymed unreason from the nursery contains the best description of a coquette known.

Literal persons there are, to be sure, who accept this piece of Longfellow's delightful fooling as a mere description of a naughty child. And in the sense that all the most attractive women remain always children at heart, it may be so taken.

But certainly the little girl with the curl was grown up. For it is only after one has reached a certain stage of maturity that one realizes the power that lies in being very, very good when one is good at all, and in turn utterly horrid when one wants to be.

There are women—and very delightful ones, too—who could not be so horrid if they tried a week as the natural-born coquette is at a moment's notice. But then it is equally impossible for them to be as charming as the coquette can make herself without any notice at all.

These women are simple studies in half-tone, pleasing pastelles in petticoats, and a man finds them very soothing and restful until his eye, turning from them for a moment, falls on the daring thing, half flame, half flower, that instinct tells him is a coquette.

And then he forgets all about them. The coquettish woman is never quite grown up. Though she lives to be a hundred, she is forever enshrined in the hearts of her victims as a "little girl." And she usually is little. Large women may be impressive. They may be beautiful. They may be lovable. But woe to the woman over 5 feet 5 who tries to be a coquette.

The coquette is of course not always a commendable person. She has been known to break men's hearts with less concern than she would her ivory or mother-of-pearl fan sticks. But then men's hearts are more easily mended than fan sticks—and they are not so expensive either. The coquette is "good" when she cannot help it. She is horrid when she wants to be.

When she has been altogether charming to a man for whom she cares nothing for half an hour she suddenly realizes what she is doing and in an attempt to strike a balance makes herself utterly unbearable for a week.

But during that time the man, if he is wise, consoles himself with the memory of that delightful half hour and looks forward to the moment of repentance—which is bound to come.

For he knows that there is no moment of time so well worth waiting for as that which comes when the little girl who has been horrid makes up her mind to be very, very good.

The Important Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Accompanies Miss Sixfoot to the Milliner's to Select a New Hat.

$10 Will Be Awarded for the Best "Evening Fudge" Headline Sent This Week to "Mr. Peewee."

The Man Higher Up

The Bandits With Hot Air For a Weapon.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that a bunch of boy bandits out in Chicago has been making Harry Tracy look like a man passing the collection box in church.

"Yes," replied the Man Higher Up; "those Chicago youths were hickey for fair, and what they got was plenty; but they are not the only bandits entitled to distinction. The trouble with them is that they used revolvers instead of hot air. The difference between holding a man up at the end of a gun and nicking him for his super and his bankroll and holding up a widow's life insurance with a con circular or prospectus is recognized by law.

"The bandit who goes out on the highways and threatens to make a target out of any guy he sees that he fancies is a mark always takes a chance. The guy may not be a mark. He may be loaded up with some artillery himself. Many a plain, everyday, strong-arm thief has gone against a meek-looking citizen and paid an unexpected visit to the Morgue.

"When they catch a hold-up man it is a case of to the booby hatch for his. If he has killed anybody in his search for wealth without work the Sheriff helps him along in terminating his career. If he hasn't killed anybody, it is a cinch that he is sentenced to spend a term in a college where the professors carry shotguns and the students all wear the same style of clothes.

"Men who organize fake trusts and impossible industrial schemes are in the same class morally with the men who meet people in a dark street and frisk them with the aid of a gun. But their finish is different. Instead of being called crooks, they are called financiers, and very often they dictate the names of the men the people shall elect to office. They take no chances. There are lawyers who have studied the legal layout until they can tell the spots by the way they feel, and these are the lawyers who tout the financiers how to get away with their con frame-ups.

"Some day things may come around so that the lawyers will find a way to advise crooks how to go out and work at their trade without being arrested. Until that day comes the crooks will have to depend on the lawyers to do the best they can after a pinch. The grafting financier not only gets the mazuma, but he gets immunity with it."

"They say these young Chicago thieves and murderers all come from good families," remarked the Cigar Store Man.

"Surest thing you know," said the Man Higher Up. "In a somewhat extended knowledge of professional thieves I have heard of few whose honest parents didn't intend them for the ministry or one of the learned professions."

$100 IN PRIZES.

The Girl in Red.

$100 IN PRIZES.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Arthur Gray, a young millionaire, falls in love with a mysterious woman whom he calls "The Girl in Red." She is also loved by Simon Farjeon, a banker, who places in her father's house as a spy Jared Symes, a man who is under Farjeon's power, and whom the latter forces to forge Gray's name. The girl tells Gray that he may win her by guessing her age. A clue to this age will be found, she says, in a combination of the prices paid by her for four purchases in New York stores. To aid him in ascertaining the sum of these purchases Gray enlists the aid of Kathleen Vernon. Miss Vernon is a salesgirl whom Arthur had known in days of prosperity. Her father's will left all his property to her cousin, Simon Farjeon, and Kathleen was obliged to work for a living. Gray goes surreptitiously to see the Girl in Red. As he is leaving the grounds of her father's country house he is confronted by a man who levels a revolver at him.

CHAPTER VI.

A Battle in the Dark.

"MY friend," said Arthur, quietly, "don't you think it would be as well to cock that pistol before you begin shooting?"

The average man, hearing this, would probably glance for an instant at the pistol hammer. Arthur Gray relied on this fact to distract his opponent's gaze, and had planned to utilize that crucial second to rush him.

But he had to do with a man of iron.

"This gun's a self-cocker," sneered the other, "and it's cocked now. The pressure of a fraction of an ounce on the trigger, and it goes off. I see no reason for waiting longer. Do you?"

"No," drawled Arthur, stretching his arms and yawning slightly; "I don't know that I do."

As he spoke he crouched and sprang for his adversary's legs in a manoeuvre known on the gridiron as a "low tackle." The whole move was made with incredible swiftness; and in an imperceptible period of time from the moment he had been speaking he cleared the space between them and was upon his foe.

The pistol was discharged, but there had been no time to change the aim with any degree of accuracy.

The bullet ripped along the back of Arthur's coat, cutting the cloth, but penetrating no deeper.

Dropping the revolver, the man sidestepped with a quickness and skill betokening long athletic training, and eluded the "low tackle" that would have placed him at Gray's mercy.

Whirling in his tracks, Arthur grappled with his enemy before the latter could regain the revolver.

Back and forth they reeled. Arthur was in the pink of condition and had at his fingers' ends every trick of wrestling.

The other, whose face he could not even yet distinguish in the darkness, was nearly a head taller, many pounds heavier and tremendously strong. For the moment his superior weight and strength offset the finer condition and superior skill of the smaller man.

Hold after hold was sought by each, only to be blocked and frustrated.

Sounds of voices were heard from the house. Doors were slammed.

The shot had alarmed the household. The inmates, together with the servants from the distant stables, were searching for the cause of the disturbance. At any moment they might arrive on the scene.

Arthur was prepared, if necessary, to be captured and to keep silent concerning his visit to the Girl in Red. But he knew what an ordeal such a capture would be for her, and he feared lest love for him might lead her to divulge everything.

Clearly there was no time to be lost. A shout from the stables and the opening of a side door of the house not 7 yards away urged him to prompt action.

This fight was likely to go until the combatants were surrounded and the intruder overpowered.

He must give up all present hope of overcoming his opponent. All that remained to do was to wrench himself free and take to his heels, trusting to his speed as a runner and to the friendly darkness to get him safely away.

With a mighty effort he wriggled free from his adversary's grasp.

Unable to resist one parting shot he sent a vicious half-hook to the other's face.

The larger man crashed back against the wall of the house, half stunned from the impact of the blow.

Arthur Gray sprang backward out of the radius of light from the opened door, turned to run—and fell headlong over an exposed tree root.

The fall was heavy and drove the breath from his body.

Before he could recover himself his adversary was upon him, his knee driven into the prostrate youth's chest, his fingers about his throat.

"This way!" bellowed the conqueror. "Belton! Symes! This way! I have him."

The pressure on throat and chest was terrific. Deeper the powerful talons drove into the fallen man's windpipe.

"This way!" again thundered the victor.

"Hands up!" called an imperious, silvery voice. "Hands up, or I'll shoot."

There, in the broad shaft of golden light cast from the open door, stood the Girl in Red, defiant, peerlessly beautiful, her scarlet dress glowing like living flame. In her hand she clutched the revolver she had just picked up.

She held it levelled at the head of the man who bent above Gray.

"I mean what I say," she repeated, in a hurried but calm tone. "Get up and let him go or I'll shoot. Waste no time or I'll shoot anyway."

The conqueror hesitated a moment, then reluctantly he released his grip on Arthur.

The latter staggered, gasping and dizzy, to his feet. Both he and his assailant still stood in the black darkness beyond the bar of yellow light.

"Go!" whispered the girl. "Run for it, and be thankful no one but the servants and I were at home. Go!"

2 men came running up from the stable.

The first rushed clumsily at Arthur and went to the ground in a heap from a left-hander on the jaw.

Easily eluding the second newcomer's attack, Arthur Gray dashed off through the darkness.

"Pleasant reception for a man to meet with when he calls on his fiancee," he laughed grimly to himself as he ran. "I wish I could place the man I fought with. His voice was familiar. So was his figure, what I could see of it. If only I could have seen his face! What a brick my Girl in Red is! But for her the papers would have an interesting story to-morrow on the 'Millionaire Burglar.'"

Feeling that he had outdistanced his pursuers, he dropped into a rapid walk.

* * * * * * *

It was not yet 10 o'clock that evening when Arthur entered his mother's house. Kathleen Vernon had been spending the evening with Mrs. Gray. She was often at the Gray home of late, the older woman having taken a great fancy to her in addition to the admiration she felt for the courage and bright, buoyant disposition which had led Kathleen to accept so cheerfully her hard fate.

Arthur, too, had been thrown much in the girl's company and had learned to rely on her clear judgment and sympathy.

"You're just in time to take Kathleen home," said Mrs Gray, as Arthur, after glancing over his evening mail, joined the ladies in the library.

The two young people set out together, and Arthur at once related his adventure of the evening.

"Oh, please be more careful," begged Kathleen. "That's the third time you've narrowly escaped death on her account. There seems a sort of fate about it."

"There's another thing that's bothering me," said Arthur, ill at ease, like most men when asked to be careful in any matter where a woman is concerned. "A letter I found on my return to-night. I said nothing to my mother about it for fear of worrying her, but I'd like your advice.

"3 checks bearing my signature and calling for large sums have been presented at my bank during the past few weeks. They were honored, but when my stubs came back I found they were forgeries. I set a firm of detectives on the case, and to-night I got their reports. I won't bother you with the details of the search or the clues they followed. But the result of it all is that they've traced the forgeries to that meek-looking little old chap I told you of—Jared Symes! He had an accomplice, they say, whose name they have not yet learned. But the actual forger was Symes."

"No! Not really? That poor timid little man who sometimes comes to the store with the Girl in Red! He doesn't look as if he could do such a thing."

"It's true, though. He told me he was the secretary of the Girl in Red's father. On her account I hate to take action in the matter. But I suppose I'll have to prosecute, to stop him from further forgeries. I never was so deceived in a man's face."

"Oh, please don't punish him. He has such a crushed, broken, cowed look. It would kill him to be sent to prison. Can't you just scare him and let him go? Please do!"

As she was speaking they had reached Kathleen's boarding-house.

Arthur unlocked the door and she picked up a soiled envelope that lay on the hall rack.

"This must have come for me in my absence," she said. "See, it was delivered by hand."

"And a decidedly dirty hand at that," added Gray. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked as she uttered a startled exclamation at sight of the envelope's contents.

"What's the matter?" he repeated. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Yes," she replied, "very wrong indeed."

(To Be Continued.)

Fifteen prizes, aggregating $100, will be distributed among readers who tell how old "The Girl in Red" is. See further explanation on the Fashion page of to-day's Evening World.